

# THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME III.

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## THE EXAMINER;

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### TERMS.

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PAUL SEYMOUR,  
PUBLISHER.

From the New York Evening Post.  
The Rising Opinions of President Monroe's Cabinet.

In his very able speech at Jefferson, on the 25th May last, Col. Benton referred to the opinions of the members of Mr. Monroe's cabinet on the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the territories of the United States. The evidence of these opinions was first produced in the Senate of the United States, by Mr. Westcott, of Florida, on the 25th of July, 1848, in the discussion on the bill establishing a territorial government in Oregon.

It consisted of a manuscript letter from Mr. Monroe, written in 1820, in which two questions are stated as having been propounded by him to his cabinet, for the purpose of ascertaining the opinions of its several members, with regard to the constitutionality of the eighth section of the act to admit Missouri into the Union, which prohibited slavery in the Louisiana territory north of 36° 30' north latitude, (Mason & Dixon's line).

These questions are as follows:  
"INTERROGATORIES. MISSOURI, MARCH 4, 1820." "TO THE HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS AND ATTORNEY GENERAL."

"Has Congress a right, under the power vested in it by the Constitution, to make a regulation prohibiting slavery in a territory?"

"Is the eighth section of the act which passed both Houses on the 3d inst., for the admission of Missouri into the Union, consistent with the Constitution?"

In the letter of Mr. Monroe containing them he says, the opinion of the administration was explicit in favor of the constitutionality of retaining slavery in the territories.

The administration or cabinet was in a majority as follows:

Mr. Monroe, of Virginia, President.  
Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, Secretary of State.

Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, Secretary of War.

Mr. Thompson, of New York, Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Wood, of Virginia, Attorney General.

Of the six members of the cabinet, including the head, there were four from slaveholding and two from free States.

It seems that Mr. Dix had also been in possession of a copy of Mr. Monroe's letter, for, on the day after Mr. Westcott spoke, he produced it, together with an extract from Mr. Adams's Diary, which he had procured from his son. Those who remember the debate, will not have forgotten the hurry occasioned by the production of this evidence, and especially the extract from Mr. Adams's journal, which confirmed Mr. Monroe's letter in every particular, not only to the minutest agreement in the philosophy of the questions, but in respect to the unanimity of the cabinet, and the fact that the opinions were given in writing, and deposited in the Department of State.

Mr. Calhoun gave a very faltering and unsatisfactory account of the matter. Mr. Fox, of Mississippi, came to the rescue by inquiring whether Mr. Adams's statement was under oath, implying that it was not otherwise to be believed; and Mr. Johnson of Maryland, the present Attorney General, performed the same friendly office of intervention for the South Carolina Senator, by giving a wire-drawn exposition of the difference between the terms "unanimous" and "explicit."

All this, Colonel Benton has recently brought again before the public, in his clear and pointed manner.

Without enlarging upon it, we now desire to present some further evidence of the existence of these opinions, and of their deposit in the Department of State, in reply to some of the statements made in the following passage from Mr. Calhoun's reply to C. L. Benton:

"Opposed to the statement of Mr. Adams, stands the fact, that no opinions, as is admitted by Colonel Benton, are to be found on the files of the Department of State, nor any evidence that such opinions were ever filed; although the statement purporting to be from the diary of Mr. Adams, says that Monroe directed them to be filed. One of two things would seem to be clear; either he fell into an error, in making the entry, or that he failed to place them on file, in consequence of some subsequent direction from the President. It is hardly possible, if they had been placed on file, but that they would still be there, or some evidence in existence that they had been there. My own recollection is, that Mr. Monroe requested the opinion of the members of his cabinet in writing; but that in consequence of want of time to prepare a written opinion, or some other cause, none was given, and I stated in the Senate, when General Dix brought up the question as to the opinion of the cabinet of Mr. Monroe, before the fact was disclosed that there was no written opinion on the files of the department."

It is the denial of Mr. Calhoun that there was any evidence "that such opinions were ever filed," to which we wish to call the attention of our readers.

Mr. Dix admitted that the opinions were not to be found, although an examination had been made for them in the State Department.

Mr. Westcott's speech was not published among the proceedings of that session of Congress (the 1st session of the 30th) but it appears in the appendix to the Congressional Globe of the 2d session; and we find the following note, page 58:

"Since the adjournment of Congress, I have personally aided in searching the records and files of the State Department for those opinions, and having some years since been a clerk in that department, I am enabled to know that the search was complete. The following entry is in the 'Register of letters received 1817 to 1820, No. 1.'"

"March 8, 1820, Adams, Crawford, Calhoun, Wirt, and Thompson, Messrs.—Washington, March 4, 1820. Their opin-

ions in writing upon the constitutionality of the law for the admission of Missouri into the Union."

"This entry," continues Mr. Westcott, "is in the handwriting of Mr. King, then a clerk in the department, who has been dead many years. A book, in which those papers were probably bound, is supposed to be lost; at any rate, the papers cannot be found."

Here is direct record evidence from the department itself, that the opinions were filed, and that Mr. Calhoun's assertion is untrue. It overthrows his last feeble effort to escape the inconsistency of having solemnly admitted, when acting under his oath to support the constitution, in the high position of an adviser of the President, the right of Congress to prohibit slavery in the territories, and of denying the power, under the same oath, when acting in the high position of a representative in the Senate of one of the sovereign States of the Union.

The questions occur—What have become of these opinions? In what manner, by whose agency, for what purpose have they been secreted in the State Department, or abstracted from it? For we will not suppose, for a moment, that they could have been lost, or that they could have evaded the searching examination of Mr. Westcott, himself a clerk in the department at a former period, if they had merely been accidentally out of place.

Col. Benton, in alluding to the absence of the opinions, significantly says, "It is to be recollected, that no one of Mr. Monroe's cabinet has been Secretary of State since that time but Mr. Calhoun."

To the inferences which, without much violence, may be drawn from this remark, Mr. Calhoun replies:

"As to the insinuation, that I am the only member of the cabinet of Mr. Monroe who has since been Secretary of State, and all others of like character, I pass them with the silent contempt due to their baseness, and the source whence they came."

We do not believe that, in a matter of such gravity, the public judgment is to be put off or evaded by assumptions of dignity or offended virtue in any quarter.

The archives of the government have either been designedly plundered, or most negligently kept. With whom the responsibility rests we do not undertake to say, or even conjecture. The great importance of these opinions, as bearing upon the question of power over slavery in the territories, cannot be overrated. Those who denied it, were seeking to extend slavery, had a deep interest in the suppression of this testimony against them, from some of the master spirits of the South. In saying this, we neither design to accuse nor draw down suspicion upon any man. But it is due to all concerned that the subject should be probed to the bottom; with the evidence now before us that the opinions of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, have been in the custody of the Department of State.

FROM THE NATIONAL REFORMER.  
Education. No. 1.

In discussing the important subject of education, we do not intend limiting ourselves to any fixed rules; but, taking a wide range, purpose viewing it in its most comprehensive significance.

We hope, after glancing at the present condition of society, to demonstrate clearly to our readers a few important propositions.

1st. The moral and social evils existing in society depend to a great extent upon a wrong system of education.

2nd. Our present system of education is wrong, because it is not in harmony with nature—it does not rightly develop the physical, intellectual, and moral nature of man.

3rd. A right system of education will do this—consequently, will reform and re-erate the world.

There is no subject so worthy the attention of an intelligent community as that of education. There is no subject that has occupied so large a share of the interest of the Learned and the Philanthropist of all enlightened nations; and yet there is no one so little understood by all. It is a melancholy truth, that the moral and social progress of man has never been in the same ratio with his advancement in the arts and sciences. Human ingenuity and invention have been racked in bringing things to perfection; and—look at the glorious results!

The canvas and the marble speak to us in all the touching passions of humanity, until we almost believe that the artists were possessed of Promethean power. Our poets charm us with their harmonious versification and exalted sentiments, while an angel might listen to the entrancing notes of a Laborer.

The land is full of labor-saving machines, of most wonderful power, that hourly perform the work of thousands, and they are daily increasing. Railroads radiate to every point of the compass, "making the solitary places glad." Steamboats, with their unflinching plough deep into the bosom of all our navigable streams, and, ere long, the whole globe will be traversed by steamboats and steam engines, connecting land and sea, to its remotest corners.

Science, eagle-like, has soared above the clouds, and seized the lightning by its flaming tongue, compelling it to become a machine of thought between man and man—

Wonderful!—to compel that force power to utter friendly words, that is born of the warring elements, that goes with a leap and a shout on its mission of destruction and death, tearing the bosom of the ever-lasting hills.

But, while science has done so much—has forced the clouds, winds, waves, and all the elements of nature, to do its bidding—why has our social and moral advancement been so slow? Is the fault in nature, rather, in nature's God? Has he imperfectly developed man's moral powers? Nay! He has imparted to them the same elements of progress which he has to the material. Where, then, shall we look for the cause of this wrong, but to our leaders, who say that the mass of mankind are incapable of thinking for themselves; pin your faith on our sleeves."

While the greater part of these have remained inert—have covered themselves with the learned dust of centuries, and rested, like a mighty incubus, upon human progress—they have perverted their veneration

by *Deifying* man—by embracing principles opposed to advancement, as incontrovertible truths—many of which were adopted for the government of a barbarous people—and adhering to them, with a spirit as undiminished as if there were no law of progress written all over God's works, on each atom of our globe, and in burning, shining characters on the vast systems of worlds filling immensity, and how much more distinctly on mind, for which all matter was created.

We grieve over this conservatism; its tendency to barbarism, its spirit is opposed to an enlightened Christianity. But we can no longer marvel that our social and moral progress has been so slow, when there has been so strong an inclination among our leaders to go back, instead of forward, to fight—to pore over dusty tomes, and perplex themselves with indecipherable hieroglyphics, when the fair book of NATURE lay spread out before them.

But while the great moral leaders have been thus engaged, and in disputing about the letter of the law, the people have been catching a portion of its spirit, and are no longer willing to be kept in bondage to old dogmas. PROGRESS! is their watchword. Progress is Nature's eternal law; and all her forests, mountains, and seas, respond to them in one universal anthem.

Thus we find that the present state of society is highly reactionary, and is becoming more and more so. We should contemplate its chaotic condition with sorrow, did we not see a new and more beautiful creation evolving from the confusion—did we not behold that star that a few years since appeared in the east, and that, like a Saviour, has attracted the attention of the wise, shining with undimmed brightness upon the night of metaphysical doubt and speculation, in which the minds of many of the wise and good of past ages wandered without a guide, and were lost in the uncertain lights that flickered around them.

This star is attended with brilliant satellites, which, like it, receive all their light from the great Spiritual Sun, the centre of the Moral System.

We said that society is in a highly reactionary condition. It grasps with one hand the most noble and elevating truths, and retains with the other the prejudices and customs of the darker ages. There is now existing in the community two powerful antagonistic principles—the *love* principle and the *force* principle. The former says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink;" the latter, "Away with him; kill him; crucify him!"

"One is of the earth, earthly;" the other "is the Lord from heaven." The one belongs exclusively to an enlightened Christian people; the other to a barbarous, savage people. Is it not so? And yet the most powerful and convincing arguments of enlightened nations are still given at the cannon's mouth. Christian and barbarous nations still revenge their injuries in the same manner—by an appeal to arms; the only difference consisting in the manner of attack and the force of the weapon.

The savage rushes upon the savage with horrid yells, sending the poisoned darts thickly upon the unprotected body, each warrior killing his single man with only one fly of his arrow. The Christian, arrayed in full armor, marches on his message of death to the measure of celestial music; and, while his holy statues are filling the air, sends his accursed bombshells into the very heart of ancient and glorious cities—the archives of the earth—destroying their proudest monuments of art and most sacred relics of antiquity, and—O, my God!—in a moment of time, blotting thousands of thy creatures from existence forever—worse than all, casting a moral blight and darkness over the earth, that the light of an eternity cannot dissipate.

Still, enlightened Christian, like barbarous nations, yield their highest honors to their warriors, raising them to the most exalted positions in Government, to wield all the political and moral power of a community; consequently adding increased glory and dignity to the profession of arms, thereby making a necessity of war—while they leave their veteran statesmen, who for half centuries have toiled unceasingly for the honor and good of their country, to wear their laurel wreaths upon their tombs.

The *love* principle is stronger than the *force* principle, and, oh! how sublime, how beautiful in its strength! It is high as heaven—who can attain it?—deep as the unfathomable ocean—who can reach it?—vast as eternity—who embrace it?—and yet, an infant in its type, it is so humble. We said that the *love* principle is more powerful than the *force* principle; but there is so little of the former in the world, that the latter triumphs—consequently, that "might makes right," has become an almost universal maxim. No marvel, then, that the moral power of society is weakened, instead of being made strong, by numbers—no marvel, when each would rob the other of his right, that with an increase of numbers there should be an increase of crime, and that this vast accumulation should constantly ferment, and throw out from its agitated bosom fierce assassins and bloody rioters—no marvel, that the mob should rule in place of law, while the *force* principle triumphs—while it is educated into the mind of the little infant, from the moment that its plastic nature is capable of thought.

It is the province of education to harmonize these antagonistic principles, to make force subservient to love, by directing the belligerent nature of man against the errors and vices of society, instead of individual members and nations.

How much better were it—how much more consistent—for enlightened Christian nations to meet their enemies with the weapons of intellectual argument. Oh! how infinitely better were it for society, could her vanquished enemies rise unscathed from the field of conflict, only stripped of the false armor with which they arrayed themselves for the combat, than to listen to the groans of men cut off in the midst of their days; and behold "lean and hungry dogs" howl about the dead bodies of fathers! husbands! and sons! licking from the drunken earth their precious blood; while its loathing bosom sends forth a deadly miasma, filling the very air of heaven with the foulness of the play.

We have said, and shall endeavor to demonstrate clearly, that the social and moral evils of society grow out of a wrong system of education—out of an incomplete development of man's physical, intellectual and moral nature. We must look to the cause of the evil for its remedy—to a right system of education to correct the evils of the wrong.

We often hear it said, "The world is full of errors, and needs reforming, but where can we begin?"

Nature teaches us that the tender sapling can easily be trained into a perfect tree; while the gnarled oak, that lifts its giant arms on high, and strikes its roots deep into the heart of the earth, must wither in its proud deformity, unless blasted, at once, by the lightning of Heaven. Deeply-rooted prejudices and veteran habits cannot be easily overcome; but the old generation is fast passing away, another is filling its place with minds highly impressionable, and capable of appreciating and practicing the most exalted virtues. To them God seems to point in his providence, and say, "There is a new race—begin once more."

The call is particularly to parents and teachers. They are to rekindle, in man, the bright spark which emanated from the Deity, but which has become almost extinguished in the rubbish of the world. They are to mould the mind for time!—to fashion it for eternity!

HUNGARY.  
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The Tribune translates the following singular letter—which is referred to in the last letter of our Paris correspondent—from the Paris journal *Le Temps*, but without presuming to affirm that it is authentic. Nevertheless, it is not devoid of the features of Kossuth's other letters. *Le Temps* is a highly respectable paper, and seems to us to contain no doubt of its genuineness. It introduces it by the following remarks:

"Our readers will desire some explanation of the following letter. The strange appellations by which Kossuth indicates several persons, refer to special circumstances, which we could not now explain without impudence. As for the rest, Dembinski and Benn will easily be recognized by their Christian names of Henry and Joseph; Gorgey is also designated so as to leave no doubt as to him."

Here is the letter:

NEW-ORLEANS, August, 1849.

TO THE COUNT ADAM POTOCKI.  
MY DEAR AMBASSADOR. You are a torrent, and as such above the vanities which are reflected by the smooth lake. According to I name you again, my dear ambassador, it is because at the time of our legitimate hopes you filled a mission with the éclat of merit and the talent of a frank and skillful man, because when you were before the man to whom you were sent, and found him other than he had promised to be, like a noble son of Poland, you remembered the action of Skarbek Hlabendak. Of this I have been truly proud, as a Hungarian, as a Slavonian, and as the chief of a liberal Government. Thanks! and once more, by St. Stephen, thanks! Be blessed!

From the beginning of last year, Count, I had made you the depository of my plans, of my policy, which the son of the fortress has never known how, or been willingly frankly to second; which the descendant of the old horse accepted, but not without opposition and passion; which you alone knew by heart; which Henry divined and Joseph had a presentiment of, but which another, alas! neither understood, nor seconded, nor shared. I knew it, but I could not believe that the *tamer of the dragon* could ever yield before the eagle, and suffer himself to be carried off in its talons! My mind refused to believe that it could ever be forced to say of that son, so beautiful and so brave: "And thou also!"—Approaches without bitterness, regrets without remorse.

While I existed, I lived well, because I sought to do the right and unmask the wrong; to conquer peace by endeavoring to combat a state of things which is *living wrong*; to revive men's hearts by calling to us all who suffered and to whom I could say with the sage: "spes illorum immortalis est plena." I have sought the means of justifying Christ, of saving his temple, of defending his pontiff, by assuming the banner of the cross and lending his power by a democratic crusade; and I must say that, preaching in sincerity and self-denial, I succeeded in effacing myself and considering myself as compensated beyond my merit when I saw what stars shone around me, and cast their light even upon my shadow. But every son has its spots, and no strongest mind can avoid deficiencies.

I shall not recall to you anything of our acts, of our heroic prowess, for you, Count, know them as well as I. But, worn out by a life of which I am weary, I desire, before laying off its burden, to say to him who would understand them many lines of words that I would find not confess to no purpose. O, that they might become the grain of mustard seed and be fruitful! For the useful life of a man on this earth must be productive, or else it is accursed.

Certain of your countrymen have compared me to Thaddeus Kosciuszko. In a certain sphere this is too much, but in another measure it is exact.

If, with the sovereign authority which I had in our nation I could have obtained the military preponderance enjoyed by the victor of Racławice and Szczekocin, Europe would, in a few years, have been called to enjoy those destinies which at this time are illusory, but which will, nevertheless, be one day capable of realization.

But I was not a soldier; and if I have sometimes desired to brandish the sword, I have been compelled to remember that I held the scepter. "I was made to curse the great ones which kept me upon the shore." Therefore I have not been able to be a warrior, and in this I incline before Thaddeus. But what he was not, and could not be, I am; namely, a CHRISTIAN DEMOCRAT, revolting not against the oppressor but against the oppressor without the challenge of a gentleman, but the appeal of an apostle. Say, Count, can you refuse me this justice? Kosciuszko, falling at Maciejowice, confessed that he was vanquished, it is true; but he despised of his country with a word which I will not recall. Ah! never shall such an exclamation escape from my breast!

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but them." If I could add anything to it, saying so, just it would be, "and by means of them." For nothing that God has created can be destroyed; nothing can be lost! Evil itself only destroys itself by degrees, though it is not of divine origin, and when it comes it is like those subtle matters which become volatile to mount to the clouds and mingle in some new and powerful tempest.

Then to those who believe Hope! To those who have hearts in their bosoms: Our example! To those who are just: The love of God! To those, finally, who suffer, weep and groan in the darkness and the gall of the holy Friday! The splendors more and more certain of the Great Night.

Nothing has been lost! Oppression has got before us one stage, but this last stage, prematurely aided will be for it an enervating Capua. The Hannibal who in 1849 has blushed Hungary will in the future find himself in the situation to which that great Captain and Carthage were reduced by Scipio, the master of 26 years, who had on his side only faith and right, and who hastened to the Capitol to return thanks to Heaven!

You did not know it, Count, but I desire to tell you that a high and powerful Lord did me the honor to write to me. I say, did me the honor, because in truth the terms of the letter, the thoughts there expressed, (God alone sounds the heart!) the judgments, and even the desires contained nothing that was not very honorable for me—Count, the Emperor Nicholas knows where the light is; he knows where the truth is, or I grossly deceive myself. Believe me, great things are preparing. All that has happened we must recognise as conducted by a hand stretched further forth than ours. It is before me like a demonstration that many among us had a part assigned from their youth, since there are through all their earth persons charged with the duty of knowing all, from the ground to the highest peak; that some are constantly controlled by others; that this situation assumes a thousand transfigurations; that he who knows can wait. We inevitably finish by understanding the truth. To set Paul and John quarrelling, to separate them and get a footing with them, is no new thing, but may be done to a new end.

The Russians will camp at Leopold, at Presburg and Buda, at Vienna, even without committing there a single excess. The policy of Russia has changed its character; she has mingled in our affairs. She desires to make herself loved, and I fear she will succeed in it. Those who have disliked her most will seek her favors and her suit; and, parvenue as she was, she will last become naturalized in the true, the just, the beautiful, the noble. Russia hence will be at the head of the Democracy, and blessed, perhaps—so changing is destiny—even by you and me!

By me, alas! that will be from beyond the tomb—but by you, Count, by your children, by all those half-citizens who slay each other instead of clasping each other in a holy embrace. Yes, certainly, blood, a great deal of blood still to be poured, must come to that result!

That will be the punishment of corrupt nations who have allowed us to perish!—Degrade through selfishness and buying and selling, they could only be saved by devotion.

Adieu my dear Ambassador! I am happy to have known you, and to say to you that I love you as if you were my child, so much have I grown old!

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

The day of Easter is called in Polish, *Wielkanoc*, the Great Night.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN CHALLENGER.  
Correction.

Boston, Green, Ky., Sept. 8, 1849.

Messrs. Editors:—In your paper of August 29th, you published a communication from a correspondent, who refers to me in very respectful and affectionate terms. I am much indebted to him for his favorable opinion of me, and when he is told that the torrents of abuse have been poured upon me on account of my espousal of the Emancipation cause in this State, he will readily conceive that I am prepared to appreciate more intensely than ever before, the words of approval which my friends now and then have the kindness to utter.

Your correspondent labors under two or three mistakes, which it is the object of this letter to correct.

First, I am represented as a "slaveholder." This is not so. By the will of my father, I became the owner of a colored boy, but I gave him permission to go to Liberia, and was attempting to prepare him for the enjoyment of freedom, when he was attacked with disease and died. It is to me a consoling thought, that while a member of my family he became, as I believe, a sincere Christian.

I am not a slaveholder. I would rather utter this declaration than sit on a Monarch's throne and wear a Monarch's crown.

Again, your correspondent represents me as "alienated from his [my] friends." I suppose he means my friends of the pro-slavery party. I do not think I am "alienated." I deplore the infatuation of many whom I have considered my friends. Nothing, in my judgement, but infatuation can account for the determination of the people of Kentucky to perpetuate slavery. This determination wrings my heart with anguish. Every one ought to know that slavery is a violation of the natural rights of man. It exists by legal right, that is to say, it is the creature of positive local law. Man's natural right to liberty God has given. The "legal right" which one man has to make a slave of another, is of human origin. The natural right to liberty which God has established, comes into collision with the legal right to take away liberty which man has established. Surely the right which is of human creation should yield to the right which is of divine origin. I did hope that this would be the case under the new Constitution of Kentucky; but the pro-slavery party has triumphed. Excuse me, Messrs. Editors, for I do not intend to write a dissertation on slavery.

Lastly, your correspondent represents me as "no longer welcome" among the members of the church in this place. I think at least two-thirds of the members are Emancipationists, and I must say that several of the pro-slavery brethren have urged me to remain. It is understood, however,

that my pastoral connection will be dissolved at the close of the present year. Unwilling to spend my life, or rear my children in a slave State, I expect, during the next year to seek a location north of the Ohio river. As to my removal from Kentucky, your correspondent labors under no mistake, unless something should occur which I do not now expect.

Yours, Respectfully,  
J. M. PENDLETON.

PROPORTION OF RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—The North British Review for August contains a very valuable and interesting article on the Railway System of Great Britain. The following extract presents some curious facts:

According







I am constrained to have frequent recourse to the fall and very accurate reports of Mr. Sutton and his assistants, which appear in the Daily Commonwealth. I have been very much gratified by the knowledge to those gentlemen for the past several years. I have been very much gratified by the knowledge to those gentlemen for the past several years. I have been very much gratified by the knowledge to those gentlemen for the past several years.

Ben Hardin took occasion during the day to say his opposition to Mr. Davis' naturalization resolution. Mr. Meriwether, Mr. Thompson and others introduced resolutions expressing their individual opinions on the various points of the resolution which were referred to appropriate committees. Mr. Turner's slavery resolutions have been made a highly and detailed subject of discussion. I had supposed that the convention was done with the Court case, but to the evident annoyance of C. A. Wickliffe, who cannot bear the thought of the Governor's veto, the subject of the Court case, incidentally, came up yesterday, as you will see from the following extract from the official report:

Mr. Clark—Mr. President: Upon referring to the Louisville Courier of Oct. 6, I think it possible that it may not be correct to report that I voted for the Court case. I have no cause of fear for the removal of the seat of government, and am chuckling over the happy thought that they are still to retain the lion's share of the public affairs. I would not rudely break their ecstatic delusion, but I hope they will take it as a rebuke, and that they will be able to retain their seat. I have no cause of fear for the removal of the seat of government, and am chuckling over the happy thought that they are still to retain the lion's share of the public affairs. I would not rudely break their ecstatic delusion, but I hope they will take it as a rebuke, and that they will be able to retain their seat.

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## LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Architects.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

All are Architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low—  
Each thing in its place has;  
And what seems but life show,  
Strength and support the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with material filled;  
Our to-day and yesterday  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these—  
Leave no yawning gaps between;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care,  
Each minute and unseemly part,  
For the gods see every where.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen;  
Make the house where gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seem to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending all secure,  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those towers, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

## THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

OF THE ADVENTURES OF

CHRISTOPHER MICHAELSON.

BY MRS. E. S. SWIFT.

Gold! gold! glittering, precious gold!  
That much of this, will make rich, either foul, fair,  
Wrong, right, base, noble, cold, young, coward, valiant!

'Donner and blitzen' woman, you hold  
Your tongue! A man cannot take a walk of  
nights without your gabbles, dinning his ears  
forever about it.

'Yes—but Christopher, the neighbors say you  
are after no good in that lonesome place down  
the river, night after night.'

'I don't care a silver what the neighbors say.  
Frau Richelien. They will open their eyes and  
their mouths too, some day, wide enough. If  
you could keep a secret, I might tell you some-  
thing that would make you dance like little Cin-  
da, when she peeped into her Christmas stock-  
ing.'

'O, indeed, Christopher, good husband, I will  
be as still as death, indeed, indeed I will.'

'Yes, yes, Frau, until some of your gossip  
come in. But this secret you will be a fool to  
tell any one; for it concerns yours and our  
little ones too. Hark, mistress; do you see Spitz  
Rollins' big house yonder? Well, before this  
month is out, I hope to have money enough to  
build a square of such houses; and, keep  
moreover than Joe Bennett has in all his estate.'

But mind—one word of all this from your lips  
to any of our neighbors would ruin everything;  
so be still, Catharina Richelien, and be a prudent  
wife, and wait for what you will see.'

Christopher took from a peg his old black cloak  
and hat, and bidding her go to bed betimes, for  
he would not be back very soon, opened the  
street door and was soon out of sight.

Frau Richelien sat for a quarter of an hour  
after her husband had left her; her knitting had  
fallen from her hands in her entire astonishment  
at his mysterious words; her lips were dilated to  
their utmost extension—her mouth pursed up, as  
if she was afraid to open her lips, lest the won-  
derful secret might make its escape. And so she  
will leave her, reader, and follow Christopher.

Christopher Michaelson was a German, who had  
emigrated to the United States with several of  
his brothers, during the war that devastated the  
Fatherland. In 1813. His father had been a  
teacher in the Lutheran school, in Nienstein, on  
the river Rhine, near Oppenheim. Christopher  
had received a good education at one of the free  
schools, but he had imbibed with his learning all  
the superstitions so prevalent at that period in  
the provinces. He was a firm believer in  
demons, fairies, and good and bad influences  
depending upon the conjunction of certain planets.  
He was constantly upon his person a charmed  
amulet, given to him in his boyhood by a decrepit  
and sunken woman, an Altrine, or gipsy pro-  
phetess. He had been the means of saving her  
from being dragged through the college pond, by  
some mischievous wags of the school. The old  
crone assured him, that as long as he possessed  
this treasure, he would be defended from the mal-  
ice and power of the bad spirits that abide on the  
earth to influence the destinies of men. That  
as this earth was filled with light and darkness,  
so also, it was the kingdom of good and evil be-  
ings, who, clothed in air, were invisible to mortal  
eyes, unless their sight had been purified by deep  
afflictions or religious abstinence. She also  
drew the boy's horoscope, and foretold that in a  
distant land, among a strange people, in his for-  
ty-second year, he would become rich and great.

Christopher kept these prophecies to himself;  
but the influence they had upon his life, was  
fatal to his industry and usefulness. His trade  
was a good one, and constant employment was  
at his option. But though his wife and children  
were objects to him of the deepest affection, he  
neglected his business, and consequently their  
comfortable support, for long and solitary ram-  
bles in out-of-the-way places. One day he would  
be seen on the top of a mountain, peering about  
as if in search of something he had lost; then, re-  
turning, he would come with a bundle of wood or  
wild fowl, his head bent, and his eyes always seek-  
ing the ground. Of course he became an object of  
curiosity and suspicion to many, and his imme-  
diate neighbors and acquaintances would say,  
'Christopher was a queer, visionary man, that  
would come to no good yet.'

Always taciturn, he evaded the questions of  
the inquisitive and meddling, by monosyllables;  
and would speak on any other subject but the  
one which occupied his thoughts day and night.

In Nienstein, Christopher had been cantor to  
the Lutheran church. His voice was a fine  
tenor, and when first he came to the village, he  
would frequently sing the solemn old psalm tones,  
learned in the Fatherland—but of late years his  
taste for music had undergone a singular change.

Snatches of wild songs of buccannars and pi-  
rates; ballads like 'Eugene Aram,' descriptive  
of a awful murder and guilt, had become his fa-  
vorite. One song, said to have been written by  
the celebrated pirate 'Blackbeard,' he sang so  
frequently that all the children in his neighbor-  
hood knew it as well as their alphabet.

Twilight had deepened into night, and the  
moon was silencing the tops of the dark pines on  
the trunk of a fallen tree, on the Pennsylvania side  
of the river. Its dead branches fell and plunge  
with the uplifting waves, breaking the waters into  
a thousand dimples, that shimmer in the moon  
beams like priceless gems. Christopher is ab-  
sorbed in deep thought, his eyes fixed upon one  
spot. He is calculating the great age of the per-  
ishing monarch of the forest, whose moss-grown  
trunk affords him such a quiet resting place. Is  
he in fancy, calling up the dim shapes of past  
ages, when this road was a wilderness, when the  
stars looked down upon the dusky tribes who  
made this beautiful land their home, and saw no  
timid to their territory? Or is the calm stillness

of this sweet summer evening, is he listening to  
the shrill cry of the piercing whistling echoes  
from shore to shore? Does he see the council fire  
of the chiefs flashing among the dark woodlands,  
or the light canoe, floating like a sea-bird over  
the blue waters? No—Christopher is insensible  
to all such influences. He is thinking of one  
whose early path was tracked by blood and desola-  
tion—the rover of the seas—the dreaded pirate  
Blackbeard! He is estimating the chances to  
himself of appropriating the buried treasure of  
the freebooter.

For long months he has been busy in searching  
the shores of the Delaware river, a ledge of  
a small boat, in which he has made many a  
nightly voyage, whilst others slept. It is fur-  
nished with spades, pickaxes, and sundry articles  
for excavating the earth. By day it is concealed  
with the utmost care and caution, for Christopher  
fears some spying Yankee may infringe upon his  
rights to the El Dorado that he hopes he has at  
length discovered.

About two miles from—on the Pennsylvan-  
ia shore of the Delaware river, a ledge of  
rocks rises abruptly from the land, covered with  
shrubs and dwarf trees. Their projecting pin-  
nacles, towering upward to a considerable height,  
seemed so slightly poised that the pedestrian be-  
lieving them to be about to fall, and crush him in their  
descent. From the summit you pause at the dis-  
tance, and fairly-like beauty of the scene be-  
fore you.

Hill and valley, luxuriant in their summer ver-  
dure, covered with rich masses of foliage, border  
the Pennsylvania side, whilst the Jersey shore  
is fringed with dark evergreens and trailing  
plants, whose graceful festoons are waving in the  
gentle breeze. A few white houses are seen at  
intervals, half hidden by clumps of pine, that re-  
fect their sombre shadows on the face of the  
bright river that goes rippling past, its waves  
making soft music. At the base of the largest  
rock a piece appears to have been cut out, as if  
done by the labor of man, and a series, with some  
strange characters below it, is rudely carved in  
the centre. In this locality a scene of death and  
supernatural influence. They thought, amid  
the crash of the thunder, that they heard mys-  
terious whisperings borne on the air, wild words,  
and wilder shrieks appeared to mingle in the war  
of the tempest. The rain descended like a  
mighty torrent over his boundaries; but still they  
stood, as if spell-bound, regardless of its  
overwhelming force. Christopher was the first to  
regain his self-possession, and firmly grasping  
the arm of his companion, he moved towards the  
rock. Hahn, aching in every limb, resisted  
with all his might the attempt to lead him in that  
direction; and when at last Christopher's super-  
stition impelled him forward, he recoiled like a  
drunken man, and seemed all about to swoon.

Strange to say, in all this pantomime, not a word  
was spoken by either, both being fearful of break-  
ing the mysterious charm, they believed to be at  
work around them.

The storm subsided as suddenly as it had aris-  
en; and again the moon breaking from the diffu-  
sion of clouds glittered among the trees laden with  
rain-drops, and the earth sent up her incense  
filling the air with the fragrance of grasses and  
leaves. The cheerful moonlight appeared to re-  
vive their courage; and although both felt an-  
xious, if not apprehensive for the result of their  
temerity, in searching for treasure thus event-  
ually guarded by evil spirits, they resolutely went  
to work, removing the piled brushwood from the  
excavation, and adjusted the windlass and  
bucket securely.

In a few moments all was in readiness, and  
Christopher, with his implements for digging, de-  
scended, and commenced his labors. Hahn, as  
silently and rapidly as possible, had five times  
drawn up and returned the bucket, and was in  
the act of lowering it again, when the rope be-  
came entangled, he impatiently exclaimed,  
'Der Teufel,' when the bucket slipped from his  
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natural earth carved in with a noise like sub-  
terranean thunder, and buried Christopher be-  
neath the surface. Hahn stood paralysed with  
horror at this unlooked for misfortune; then with  
an energy that desperation alone could inspire,  
he eagerly began to dig away the loosened soil,  
calling upon Christopher in accents of passionate  
despair, or shouting for assistance, with scarce a  
hope, that in all lonesome spot he would be  
heard. Poor wretch! how the deep silence of the  
summer's night mocked his cry. In vain, in his  
frantic calls, would he bend his ear close to  
the opening, hoping to receive an answer from  
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And now, a more fearful shadow fell on his  
spirit; fantastic and horrible images seemed to  
crowd upon him; he saw, or fancied that he  
saw, in the dark recesses of the woods, some-  
thing moving towards him, with great eyes,  
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evil spirit that guarded the treasure, coming for  
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road with wild cries, never pausing until he burst  
into the midst of some farmers, proceeding to  
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ling intelligence soon spread far and near, and a  
party of some twenty men, with crowbars and  
spades, accompanied him back to the scene of  
the disaster, he never ceasing to implore them to  
hasten their already rapid movements.

After some hours of incessant labor, they came  
to the body of poor Christopher, covered with  
blood and dirt. The weight of earth that had  
fallen upon him had crushed and mutilated him  
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But since the death of poor Christopher, no  
man has been found courageous enough, to at-  
tempt the discovery of riches, thus guarded by  
malign influences. And those who are obliged  
to pass the rock at nightfall, say, that in the  
midst of summer they feel as if their hearts  
would freeze in their bosoms; and many affirm  
that they have seen strange shapes standing on  
its summit, too unnatural to belong to this world.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.—Arch-  
bishop Usher was wrecked on the coast of  
Ireland, in a wild and desert place. In his  
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clesiastic—a man reserved and prudent al-  
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to believe him, and said he would answer  
for it he had never known how many com-  
mandments there were. "I can prove to  
you," answered the archbishop, with mild-  
ness, that I am not so ignorant as you  
think: there are eleven. "Eleven!" an-  
swered the ecclesiastic, "very well, tell me  
the eleven, and I will give you all the help  
you need." "Here it is," replied the arch-  
bishop, "a new commandment gave I unto  
you, that ye love one another."—John 13:  
34.

THE BEGGAR AND THE GUINEA.—A beg-  
gar asking Dr. Smollet for a shilling, by  
mistake he gave him a guinea. The poor  
fellow perceiving it, hobbled after him to  
return the money; upon which Smollet re-  
turned it to him with a second guinea, as a  
reward for his honesty, exclaiming, "What  
a lodging has honesty taken up with it! I  
would rather be that man than a dishonest  
king."

account to speak one word—namely what you  
see or hear, be silent; for on your silence  
our success, are, even our very lives depend.  
Even a whisper from your lips, would bring up  
on us both swift destruction. Let down the  
bucket, and when I fill it with earth, draw it up  
carefully and steadily with the windlass. To-  
night, or never, I shall find the pirate's treas-  
ure."

Hahn faithfully promised to obey his instruc-  
tions; when Christopher, again turning to his al-  
ready frightened companions, said,  
"I feel that the spirits of the invisible world  
are now hovering about us. The air is fill-  
ed with them to-night. O! there will be a sore  
battle fought with the fiend that guards the treas-  
ure; but the angel I wear will protect us from  
the demon's power."

A loud clap of thunder that reverberated  
among the hills, as if the fiend were answering  
the hostile charge against him, made them both  
tremble with superstitious dread. A dead silence  
prevailed for some minutes, and each stood ga-  
zing earnestly at the other. The moon, that had  
been shining with crystal splendor, was now ob-  
scured by dark masses of clouds; the wind in  
fierce gusts was sweeping into heavy waves the  
lead-colored waters of the river; and the trees,  
away from their leafy heads to the breeze,  
moaned loudly in the gathering storm. Again  
the thunder pealed from the shrouded heavens,  
accompanied by flashes of forked lightning, that  
played like fiery pennons amid the deepening  
gloom, illuminating for a brief instant every ob-  
ject with vivid distinctness, and revealing the  
pale, horror-struck countenances of the men to  
each other.

This sudden outbreak of the elements, Chris-  
topher and Hahn believed firmly was caused by  
supernatural influences. They thought, amid  
the crash of the thunder, that they heard mys-  
terious whisperings borne on the air, wild words,  
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swered the ecclesiastic, "very well, tell me  
the eleven, and I will give you all the help  
you need." "Here it is," replied the arch-  
bishop, "a new commandment gave I unto  
you, that ye love one another."—John 13:  
34.

THE BEGGAR AND THE GUINEA.—A beg-  
gar asking Dr. Smollet for a shilling, by  
mistake he gave him a guinea. The poor  
fellow perceiving it, hobbled after him to  
return the money; upon which Smollet re-  
turned it to him with a second guinea, as a  
reward for his honesty, exclaiming, "What  
a lodging has honesty taken up with it! I  
would rather be that man than a dishonest  
king."

There is no way of defining this word  
but by illustration.

The snob showed itself in Alexander the  
Great, when he remarked, that "were he  
not Alexander, he would wish to be Dio-  
genes," after some intercession of repartee  
between that vagrant and himself, in the  
which he (the Great) had come off "second  
best."

It was strongly developed in the conduct  
of the Black Prince, after the battle of  
Poitiers, when he made his triumphant entry  
into London, riding, bare-headed, on a very  
small horse meekly caparisoned, while John  
of France, his captive, who rode by his side,  
was ostentatiously furnished with a splendid  
charger.

It was displayed in the behavior of Cor-  
delia, when she refused to honor the whim  
of her already half-cracked, doing, poor old  
father, who wished her (whom he had pet-  
ted beyond his other daughters), to say that  
she loved him very dearly. As an eminent  
divine observes, how much of misery  
might have been averted by a good spank-  
ing.

But a more familiar instance is afforded  
in what may be called the "merchant prince  
snob," of our own day; with a palace for a  
residence, he occupies the basement,  
the parlors being devoted to the four times  
a year reception of dinner or ball guests,  
unless a domestic funeral should put in its  
claim; with carriages and horses in plenty,  
yet riding in an omnibus, the fare of which,  
in the form of a sixpenny-piece, he gener-  
ally pulls from his mouth, where he de-  
posited it on entering the vehicle, "that he  
might have it handy;" he pares and cleans  
his nails with a sharp-pointed penknife dur-  
ing the ride. With a library containing  
a dictionary, he writes to his saddler for a  
set of harness—but all his snobs spell  
set with a double t—and he talks to his  
tailor about "pants." He stops at the Well-  
street auction-room in company with another  
of the same species, and gazes through his  
hollowed hand at an "undoubted original,"  
in the shape of a fourth-rate copy of a  
very bad master, and talks over his shoulder  
of "tone" and "fore-shortening" to his  
fellow, who pokes the ferule of his cane  
against the stomach of one of the figures in  
a brick-red cloak, and says it "stands out."

He frequents wine sales, and tastes every  
sample of Tenerife, Madeira, and Hondu-  
ra-put, until he "feels fine;" then he buys  
a dozen of stuff that would be poison to  
any but his own set. He says he thinks he  
has read all of Scott's novels. When he  
hears, and happily comprehends, a witty re-  
mark, he appropriates by saying that it is  
"not so bad." His classical knowledge ex-  
tends to the calling of money "rocks;" for  
indeed rupees would have so signified with  
the Romans. His historical facts are much  
confined to Queen Anne farthings, of which  
he states there are but two—and the guillo-  
time, by which, he tells you, the inventor  
was the first to perish. He carries his por-  
tramaieu from the steamboat, through Broad  
way, (pushing aside the hungry boy who  
applies for the office,) that people may see  
he is not proud—contriving, however, to  
hold it in a very awkward manner, to indi-  
cate that he has not been accustomed to  
such work; nor has he, for his father was a  
journeyman bricklayer, and he himself com-  
menced by selling old junk. He some-  
times suffers his hair to grow on his upper  
lip, but is discouraged on overhearing a  
person say he looks like a billiard-marker.  
He tries on your glove, and considers it no  
stretch of familiarity. He reads the news-  
paper silently, yet moving his lips, and  
pours vinegar on his oyster. When he goes  
to the country for a week in the month of  
August, he assumes the negligé dress which  
looks sufficiently well on a thorough-bred,  
but knocks him back at once into the brick-  
layer's son, assisting him to an air of rather  
more dissipation, perhaps, than would be  
likely to insure him an eligible situation as  
household.

His salutation is "Sir, your  
most." He has a great fond of humor in  
the barber's shop, and "rinses" the boy while  
he is putting much grease on his hair. He  
compares fineness of fabric with a brother  
snob, who, like himself, has just "mounted  
a new pair of pants." He quotes, and says  
he is but "a looker-on in Venice."

To sum up, his constant aim is to "cut  
a figure," which indeed he does—he is a vul-  
gar fraction.—*Lift for the Lazy.*

A Grave Without a Monument.—The  
nobility of cemeteries is the ocean.  
Its poetry is, and human language, ever will  
be unwritten. Its elements of sublimity  
are subjects of feeling, not of description.  
Its records, like the reflection mirrored on  
its waveless bosom cannot be transferred to  
paper. Its vastness, its eternal heaving, its  
majestic music in a storm, and its perils,  
are things which I had endeavored a thou-  
sand times to conceive; but until I was on  
its mighty bosom, looking out upon its  
moving mountain waves, feeling that eterni-  
ty was distant from the thickness of a single  
plank, I had tried in vain to think and  
know the glory and grandeur of the sea.—  
I there first felt what John of Patmos  
meant when he said of heaven, "There shall  
be no more sea." But there is one  
element of moral sublimity which impressed  
my mind, and which I should be pleased if  
I could transfer in all its vividness to the  
minds of your readers. The sea is the  
largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers  
sleep without a monument. All other  
grave yards, in all lands, show some sym-  
bols of distinction between the great and  
the small, the rich and the poor, but in the  
ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the  
prince and the peasant, are alike undistin-  
guished.

The name wave rolls over all—the same  
requiem by the minstrels of ocean, is sung  
to their honor. Over their remains the  
same storm beat and the same sun shines;  
and there, unmarked, the weak and the  
powerful, the plumed and the unadorned,  
will sleep on, until awakened by the same  
trump, the sea will give up its dead. I  
thought of sailing over the slumbering but  
devoted Cookman, who, after his brief but  
brilliant career, perished in the President—  
over the laughter-loving Power, who went  
down in the same ill-fated vessel we have  
passed. In that cemetery sleeps the  
accomplished and pious Fisher; where he  
and thousands of the noble spirits of the  
earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No  
marble rises to point out where their ashes  
are gathered, or where the lover of the good  
and wise can go to shed the tear of sym-  
pathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of  
thousands of Africa's sons who perished in  
the "middle passage?" Yet that cemetery  
has no other ornaments of which one can boast.  
On no other are the heavenly reflected in  
so much splendor. Over no other is  
heard such noble melody. In no other are  
so many inimitable traces of the power of  
Jehovah. Never can I forget the days and  
nights as I passed the noblest of cemeteries,  
without a single human monument.—*Giles.*

He who waits for dead men's shoes may  
have to go for a long time berefoot. "He  
who runs after a shadow has a wearisome  
race."

Swimming in the Sandwich Islands.

One of the greatest attractions was a  
waterfall, about three hundred yards up the  
river. It needed not the feats done there  
to make the fall of the Waioke or River  
of Destruction worth looking at. The river  
ran for some hundred yards or so in rap-  
ids, over rocks and stones, the banks, crag  
and precipice, two hundred feet high, whose  
rudeness was softened and refined by ten-  
drils and creepers, that hung down to the  
foaming water, which ill-naturedly jerked  
them as it rushed by. A huge rock dived  
the stream, one half of which dashed  
pettently on, and met a noisy fate down  
the fall; while the other, of a milder, gen-  
tler nature, ran along a channel of solid  
rock, and fell in one heavy stream a depth  
of about twenty-five feet, joining the rough  
waters below. A little turmoil succeeded  
the junction; then they flowed quietly on,  
like brothers, arm-in-arm, till they fell  
again, and soon were lost in the salt waters  
of the ocean.

The great delight of the natives is to go  
down this fall. They sit in the channel I  
have described; they utter a shout, a scream  
of joy, join the hands gracefully over the  
head, and, one after another, the girls of  
Hilo descend, emerging like sea-nymphs in  
the eddy below. The figure, as it gleams  
for an instant in the body of water, appears  
to those standing below quite perfect; and  
the gay shouts and laughing taint to fol-  
low, has led to the death of many; for there  
is some secret current that not only drowns,  
but carries away the body too. The feat  
was attempted by three of our men; but  
none, I think, did it twice.

The descent of the lower fall is a lesser  
feat, and the sensation of going down it  
head foremost is delightful; even that, how-  
ever, is often fatal; and during our stay  
here, a man was lost merely through mak-  
ing a false step from the bank. The sur-  
prising agility of the women especially baffles  
description. One will sit by your side  
on the high bank, and remain so till you  
throw a stone into the water with all your  
force; then down she jumps, straight as an  
arrow, her feet crossed one over the instep  
of the other, and emerges with a laugh,  
holding up the stone. On first attempting  
to rise to the surface after going down the  
fall, the water seems, from the force of the  
current, to be matted overhead, and it is  
only by striking out into the eddy that you  
can rise; this the girls manage to perfection.

They kick out their feet both together, and  
replaining their hair with their hands, they  
float about the edge with a grace that is  
beautiful to see. Their hair is clear  
blue, not cold, frosty, half-thawed. As  
lazily one watched the stream, down  
dropped from the ledges overhead, and cut  
the bright water, what soon re-appeared, a  
man or woman. These ledges are fifty or  
eighty feet high; yet none seemed to regard  
it as a feat, and the merry laugh told you  
it was done but to surprise the European.

We appeared contemptible in our own eyes  
as we skurried from the rain with our um-  
brellas; but we soon yielded to wiser teach-  
ings, threw care away, got wet and dry again  
without minding it, swam, and enjoyed it  
as much as they did.—*Walpole's Four  
Years in the Pacific.*

"Early to Bed and Early to Rise."

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Early to bed and early to rise"  
Ay, methinks it doth in your brain,  
For to help to make those foolish wits,  
And proofof the weeds of pain.

Ye who are walking on thorns of care,  
Who wish for a softer bow,  
Try what can be done in the morning sun,  
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day forever is lost  
By delaying your wit till to-morrow;  
The minutes of youth have often cost  
Long years of bootless sorrow.

And ye who would win the lasting wealth  
Of content and peaceful power,  
Ye who would couple Labor and Health,  
Must begin at the early hour.

We make bold promises to Time,  
Yet slack too often break them;  
We slack at the wings of the King of Kings,  
And think we can overtake them.

But why loiter away the prime of the day,  
Knowing that clouds may lower,  
Is it not to make life's day  
In the best of the early hour?

Nature herself ever shows her best  
Of gifts to the gaze of the lark,  
When the sunbeams of light on Earth's green  
breast.

Put out the stars of the dark,  
If we love the purest part of the dew,  
And the richest breath of the flower,  
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the sweet,

Go forth in the early hour.  
Oh! pleasure and rest are more easily found  
When we start through Morning's gate  
To smoothen our figures, or plough up our  
ground.

And we are out the threads of Fate,  
The eye looketh bright and the heart keepeth  
light.

And man holdeth the conqueror's power,  
Weed ready and brave, he claims Time as  
his share  
By the help of the early hour.

THE FABLED UPAS TREE.—What  
passes with some as a fable, is after all a  
reality. Brooke's Journal of a residence in  
Borneo are entitled to all credit, for their  
author ranks already as one of the most re-  
markable men of the age—having by his in-